

Choice Poetry.

BARBARA FREITHEIL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(During the great Civil War, women on all sides displayed the devotion, sincerity and self-sacrifice of their sex. Among all, stands out one woman, Barbara Freitheil, of Frederick, Maryland, whose name will ever be remembered North and South. The North will remember her gallantry in the South, her name associated with the noble, stern John. Whittier. In this beautiful ballad, she describes the scene at Frederick, in 1862, when she survived the siege three years, and died in 1865, aged eighty-three.)

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
In the cool September morn,
To the eyes of the famished rebel band,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards e'er,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
As the garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel band.

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
The mountains a winding down,
Home as if, into the arms of the South.

Pretty flags with their crimson bars,
Flung by their crimson bars,
Flung in the morning wind, the sun
Of freedom looked down on the scene.

Up rode old Barbara Freitheil,
Dressed with her four score years and ten;
Dressed of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag she had borne down.

In her attic-window she sat and sewed,
To show that she was a loyal wife,
Up the street came the rebel band,
Stomach-aching riding along.

Under his shoulder, left and right,
He glared, the old flag in his hand,
"Halt!"—the rebel ranks stood fast,
"First!"—the rebel ranks stood fast.

He glared the window, pale and numb;
He glared the window, pale and numb;
He glared the window, pale and numb;
He glared the window, pale and numb.

Who touches a hair of my gray head,
Dies like a dog," March on!" he said,
All day long, from Frederick street
Sounded the tramp of the rebel feet.

All day long, that flag flew fast,
Over the heads of the rebel host,
Ever its torn folds rose and fell,
On the loyal walls that loved it well.

And through the hall-gate, sunset light,
Shone over it with a warm good-night,
Barbara Freitheil's name is ever,
And the rebel ranks on its side no more.

Home to bed, and let a star
Fall for her sake, on November's bar,
Old Barbara Freitheil's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty down,
Round the symbol of the Union crown,
And over the stars above look down,
On the stars below in Frederick town.

Select Story.

HOW JIM BLANDER SAVED AND PICKED THE QUAKER FRIEND.

A STORY FOR OUR OWN TIMES.

There lived in a certain neighborhood not far distant from here, a roystering, rowdy bully, Jim Blander. Jim was "sun" in a fight, a kind of pugilistic Napoleon. Many and bloody were the fights he had won, and he had invariably come off best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the neighborhood considered him invulnerable.

In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From among them, Jim had picked out a "shad-bellies," as he called them, with his entire heart; he often declared, to whip one of these infuriated people into the evening glory of his life. For years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's chums overheard a young Quaker speak in disparaging terms of him. The reports soon came to Jim's ears, not a little amused. Jim made a dash for it, and he was going to do with Nathan, the meek fellow of Penn, on sight; besides various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict on Nathan's body; in his chaste language, he meant to "go out" both his eyes and "chaw off" both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats, and very properly kept out of his way, hoping that the matter would "blow over." But Jim was not a man to let a thing go, and he was determined to have his revenge. One day, as he was walking down the street, he saw a Quaker coming towards him. He was a small, thin, elderly man, with a long white beard, and a pair of spectacles. He was wearing a blue coat and a white shirt, and he was carrying a book under his arm.

"What the deuce is that?" thought Jim, as he looked at the Quaker. "He's a Quaker, all right, but what's he doing with a book? He's a Quaker, all right, but what's he doing with a book? He's a Quaker, all right, but what's he doing with a book?"

"I'll check the Quaker's book," thought Jim. "I'll check the Quaker's book," thought Jim. "I'll check the Quaker's book," thought Jim. "I'll check the Quaker's book," thought Jim. "I'll check the Quaker's book," thought Jim.

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Miscellany.

MY MOTHER.

BY K. F. WILKS.

My mother's voice, how often crops
In my mind's eye, and in my heart,
As I think of the days of old,
Or of the sunsets of the past.

I might forget her smiling face,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle voice is ever there,
And all that makes the pulses stir.

With friends and kindred, through the night,
When all was quiet, and the stars
Were shining brightly in the sky,
And all that makes the pulses stir.

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EATING CROW.

An Amusing Account of the Origin of the Term.

CHAPTER I.

The shadow of some hundred years
Falls on a mansion full of gray,
Where I, with mingled hope and fear,
Whispered sweet secrets in the ears
Of my mother, as she sat alone—
Only the other day.

Oh, Margaret! my Margaret!
As oft in rhyme I used to say:
With the sweetest of smiles and tears,
How in the place of woe and care,
When all was quiet, and the stars
Were shining brightly in the sky,
And all that makes the pulses stir.

When sunset came, and all was still,
We to the woods would go for air;
And, of course, we never missed
When we were out, and talked and kissed—
Only the other day.

I went across the salt sea—
We crossed the water—
The bridge of Sighs, St. Peter's dome;
And then, with happy heart, home came
By dawn, the other day.

My Mother was married to Earl!
(A young one, I'm glad to say)
Her trousseau had the old-time cut;
But, oh! she's not the little girl
Who was the other day.

Here is one of the best things the campaign
has produced. It originated with the Knoxville
(Tenn.) Chronicle, and has since been reprinted
written expressly for the Greeleyites in Scott
County, by Shoups; but not being copyrighted,
no one will be prosecuted for using them outside
of Scott and Clinch counties, as the original.
The article is a model of its kind, and is
stealing is permitted and expected. Even the
most ardent Greeley man in the country, if he has
a spark of humor in his composition, cannot fail
to enjoy it—model resolutions.

WHEREAS, The millennium has dawned and
the wolf is lying low with the lamb, and the li-
on is lying low with the ox, and the aboriginal
and the modern, and the old and the new, and the
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